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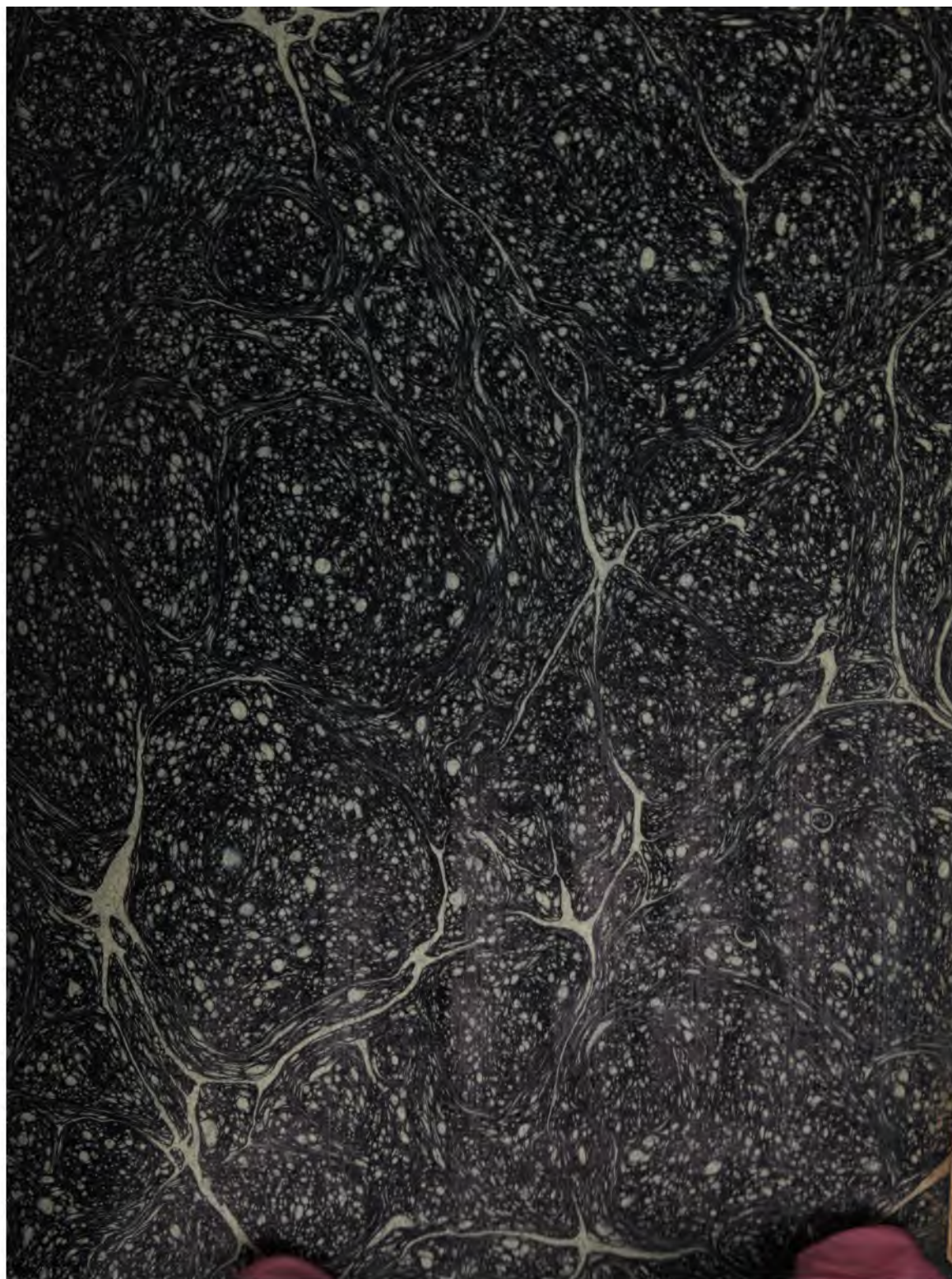
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Anne Jane Hallard

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MOST DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

MISS HARRIET TAYLOR,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 15, 1794, IN THE 25TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

WRITTEN BY

HER TRULY AFFLICTED FATHER

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ. IN 1795.

TO WHICH HE HAS SINCE ADDED "THE VISION CONTINUED,"
AND "A SHORT CONCLUDING DEDICATION OF THE WHOLE
TO HER BELOVED MEMORY."

TWENTY COPIES ONLY PRINTED, FOR THE AUTHOR;

EACH OF WHICH HE HAS SIGNED WITH HIS NAME.

Taylor

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1805.



AN

ELEGY, &c.

How weak the man, who counts on lasting joy,
 Enchanted by the pleasure of a day !
Not weaker, shou'd he fruitless toil employ,
 To chase the glittering clouds that fleet away.

Or, touch'd with frenzy, hope perhaps to rise,
 On eddyng winds aloft and proudly dare ;
To bid the fiery vapour in the skies,
 Arrest its motion thro' the liquid air.

Scarce hath swift TIME, his laughing circle drawn,
 Of gay delusive years to twenty one ;
Ere all the light-blown bubbles of our dawn,
 Vanish like dew-drops from the morning sun.

In manhood's course, how artfully are thrown,
Succeeding lures of life, from stage to stage !
More firm in *prospect*, but when *truly* known,
Frail as the playthings of our infant age !

Of human ties, that bind us most to Earth,
However various, 'tis by all agreed ;
If sunk with sadness, or if cheer'd by mirth,
In either period, FRIENDSHIP takes the lead.

Happy their lot, whose ever-seeking minds
In this false world obtain a small supply !
Supremely so the man, who calmly finds,
AT HOME, its radiance beam from ev'ry eye !

This my pass'd life hath prov'd, and yet may prove,

Save that MY HARRIET is no longer giv'n !

Her soul of *Friendship*, and *her* looks of *love*,

Fled to their source, have found a HOME IN HEAV'N.

Thro' nights dull round, my slumb'ring sense supplied,

Confus'd reflection on each different theme ;

Of comforts left me, or, of those denied,

When short Oblivion, gave this lenient dream.

Methought there came, deep struck with kindred woe,

Pale SORROW gliding from a hallow'd tomb ;

In sighs as soft, as vernal zephyr's blow,

To breathe these accents thro' the dreary gloom.

Mourner approach ! yon moon will help thy way,
 O'er funeral hillocks in the Cypress glade ;
 These flowing eyes shall glance a wained ray,
 To shew the flowery turf, where HARRIET's laid !!!

Eager I haste with dying words to speak,
 This one memorial as a truth sincere :
Her life ne'er caus'd a blush upon her cheek
Or drew till gone, from this fond heart a tear !

When FAITH descending on a SERAPH's wing,
 Turn'd my attention to a happier shore ;
 "There, thy BLESS'D Child," she said, " can welcome bring,
 And hail with rapture, WE SHALL PART NO MORE."

THE VISION CONTINUED.

RAIS'D by her voice ! the mind enlarged soars
On rapid pinions o'er the mazy bourn
Of moaping Melancholy's dark domain,
To the CELESTIAL SPIRIT, beaming full
In glory ! With reverential awe,
I humbly kneel in speechless gratitude,
For promis'd life of beatific joy :
Still echo'd in the undulating sound,
Of sweetest notes attun'd to melody.
The SERAPH shadow'd by an airy cloud,
To dim the splendor of his circling light,
Too overpowerfull for mortal eye,
Drew near ; and with a sympathetic love,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and wip'd my tears away.

Then with divine benevolence he said.

From Heav'nly mercy, guardian Angels fly,
Thro' all the depths of vast Creation's range :
Consoling Spirits are assign'd to Earth
To drain the bitter cup of human woe,
And re-invigorate despondent minds ;
To smooth the thorny pilgrimage of life,
And keep illumin'd the obscured ray,
In ev'ry bosom, CONSCIENCE ! pointing out
The paths of rectitude to wand'ring will :
Which tho' instructed often starts aside
Regardless of its Heav'nly monitor,
To trace the devious steps of sensual joy ;
Not only here, the cause of num'rous ills,

But risque of greater in a future world.

Resistless Fate, by PROVIDENCE ordain'd,
 To cut off all inhabitants of earth,
 And re-convey them to their native dust,
 Sends his assailing hosts from pole to pole,
 All fully arm'd with many a barbed shaft,
 Drawn from the quiver of Mortality !
 And wings his sightless couriers thro' the air
 Alike productive of the deadly doom,
 To expedite the absolute command :
 The smallest motes that in a sunbeam play,
 Or sweetest perfumes from a fragrant flow'r,
 May quickly yield the pregnant seeds of death,
 And hurl their destin'd victims to the grave !



See mad AMBITION, urge his Chiefs of war,
 With trenchant swords to desolate the globe ;
 Waving triumphal banners round their helms,
 In all the gorgeous pageantry array'd,
 Of dazzling trophies crimson'd o'er with blood :
 Unnumber'd legions ready for the charge,
 To shorten ev'n the with'ring life of man !
 While REASON train'd obedient to his will,
 Submissive bends, as to each wanton gale,
 The plumes which deck his crested diadem.

See AVARICE, that overruling fiend,
 Degrade the nature of the human heart ;
 Whose Harpies (numerous as insect swarms,
 That traverse all the fertile banks of Nile,

And spread a balefull ruin o'er the land,)
Wring the poor pittance from each lab'ers toil,
Or seize without remorse the widow's mite
And leave their children destitute of bread :
Explore the distant residence of man,
To blast the joys indulgent Heav'n confers,
On those who wisely seek content alone !
To manacle the faint uplifted hands
Of peacefull Africa's bewailing shore !
Hands rais'd in vain to their obdured breasts,
Which void of virtue, barter life for gold :
Friends, Parents, Children, shrink from their approach,
And ruefull nature bleeds at ev'ry vein :
When from the last embraces torn away,

They find life's BIRTHRIGHT, FREEDOM, at an end !
Compel'd to pine the lamentable days,
Of that sad period slavery allows,
In cureless exile, labour, and despair !
Their lost connections visited in thought,
(When Misery permits a time to think)
By wishes, sighs, and home-devoted tears !
'Tis all which they can give ! and find return,
With the next captives sordid commerce sends,
Of sighs for sighs, and flowing tears for tears !
How happy then must their transition be,
If Heav'n commands the mighty winds to rise,
And bury all the sufferers in the Deep,
Ere they endure such complicated woe !



Behold the troubled Elements combin'd
In whirlwinds dense as fumes from Erebus ;
Mounting in forked pyramids of clouds,
O'er loaded clouds tempestuous, that flash,
With vivid lightnings round the threat'ning sky;
Instant precursors to resounded peals,
From rack to rack of deafening thunder ;
Till the effulgence of the radiant Sun
Pervades the storm, and thro' the scatter'd waste,
Unfolds a golden mantle o'er the vales,
Cheering the frightened Choristers to raise,
In ev'ry grove spontaneous songs of joy:
An humble lesson to forgetfull pride,
Of unabating adoration due,

For bounties numberless confer'd on ALL.
Such is a slight resemblance of the change,
From present trouble to the world of peace,
A world of unalloyéd peace to Man !

Reflect thro' life on this exalted theme,
And let not kind attention be withheld,
Of freely paying an assiduous care,
To ev'ry creature which the word of GOD
Subservient form'd to Man's controlling will ;
Or bird, or beast, or fish, or ev'n the worm
That creeps the dust, become the mark
Of wanton cruelty: must they alas !
Yield up the fleeting period of their breath,
When vice or folly points a fatal dart,

To close in pain their short career of joy !

Think not the custom of a guilty world,
Extenuates what Reason disapproves :
But learn ! more real satisfaction springs
From aid which mitigates their piteous fate,
Than will be found in all the keen pursuits,
Of gaining pleasure, by their loss of life :
For *that* alone is made the chief delight,
And boasted triumph of a *sporting* day.

To these still other generous thoughts belong :
Consider well the services obtain'd,
From such assistants in thy daily toil,
As willingly exert their utmost strength,
To help the feebleness of human pow'r

Are they to be depriv'd of needfull food,
Or timely rest, nay more, condemn'd to feel,
The galling spur, the loss of health or sight,
And maimed sink beneath the goading lash
In friendless misery? Are these the fit rewards
To recompense the labour us'd for man!

On this depraved stage, can *reas'ning* minds
Expect to meet with permanent repose?
Or seek for Rest, amidst the giddy change,
Of momentary pleasure floating round,
The poor dependants on a casual breeze?
Youth's playfull hand may glean from Fancy's wreath,
Some lively shoots; and plant them near the heart;
Full soon to perish like a sick'ning bud,

Which never can be foster'd into bloom.

Shou'd HOPE's aspiring wishes be confin'd
Within the narrow compass of a span ;
Or all the gay allurements Earth affords
Induce a virtuous mind to turn away,
From op'ning raptures in a happier world ?
(Like some benighted traveller misled,
By meteors to a wilderness of woe,
His own safe dwelling nearly in his view)
And not emerge from this disastrous scene,
To meet those new-born spirits of the Bless'd,
Who in the elevated hymns of joy,
Exclaim, O DEATH ! where's now thy pointed sting,
Where now, O GRAVE ! thy boasted victory !

For ends by wisdom infinite decreed,
Long was the knowledge of futurity,
Wrapt in the darkness of this sinfull world ;
(And but for Heav'nly Grace had so remain'd)
Affording only partial gleams of light,
From fall'n Nature's limited supply :
That men uncertain of another state,
Sunk into superstitious phantasies,
Which their untutor'd minds to idols fram'd,
And worship'd each as the immediate cause,
Whence they conceiv'd all Nature's bounty flow'd :
But o'er the twilight of bewilder'd sense,
The GREAT REDEEMER sent his Spirit forth,
And gave the glim'ring a meridian blaze :

Then did the EVERLASTING WORD declare,
A full remission of their venial sins,
To ev'ry nation of proscribed Earth ;
And that thro' HIS atonement they shou'd live,
By due observance of his sacred laws,
Restored heirs of bless'd Eternity :
Altho' presumptuous Bigots may involve,
In cloister'd mystery those obvious rules,
And deal around a never-ending curse,
On all who question their assumed lore.

THAT INFINITE, OMNIPOTENT, FIRST CAUSE !

Whose Will appoints such myriads of Worlds,
To form his systems of the UNIVERSE ;
(Which some almost inspir'd human minds

Sublimely think the intermediate states,
 Of Spirits rising in successive course,
 To the completion of felicity)
 Out of the dark and formless Chaos made,
 This Globe to be the first abode of Man :
 And from His boundless stream of love conveys,
 Endearments rip'ning for eternal life :
 But some few years of grief must pass away,
 Ere those elected as the pure in heart,
 Will meet in joy, to this frail world unknown.
 The cherish'd feelings of a Parent's breast,
 Untouch'd by the lethæan wand of Time,
 Would fain reanimate HER beauteous form,
 Where ev'ry VIRTUE, brighten'd ev'ry GRACE !

How weak, how selfish, are the thoughts of Men !

How void of love for those departed friends,

Whose fond affections taught congenial smiles,

To intercept the rude assaults of care ;

What poor return to wish them back to Earth,

And lead them thro' life's painfull voyage again !

Be then resign'd ! . . . Thy first attention place,

On things above ! . . . **MATURELY WEIGH THESE TRUTHS**

OF WISDOM'S SCHOOL, WHICH LOOKS BEYOND THE GRAVE !

That all the envied honors **TIME** can give,

Emblazon'd on the wide-extended wings,

Of Conquest, Titles, Riches, Birth, and Fame,

Must fade away, and vanish in the tomb !

That Death becomes the harbinger of **Life**

When Heav'nly mercy will from thence receive,
The penitential Spirits of the Just,
And lead them on to those superior worlds,
Where happiness will never have an end.
Thus spake the SERAPH, and in lucid air,
Resplendent rose to Empyréal day.

*Now my lov'd HARRIET ! tho' remov'd from Earth,
Thy genius warms the latent spark to birth,
Which animates my song :
Accept the verse its influence inspires,
Since all embellishments my Muse acquires,
To THEE alone belong !*

O, that a swift-wing'd Cherub wou'd convey,

The fond effusions of this moral lay,

In pious fervor giv'n :

Catch from this burthen'd heart, each ling'ring sigh,

Embalm each tear, that fills the sorrowing eye,

And waft them hence to Heav'n !

THY SPIRIT glorified, might then return,

And tell a Father weeping o'er thy urn,

How soon afflictions tease :

How FAITH communicates availing pow'r,

To calm the grief of ev'ry pensive hour,

And soothe the mind to peace.



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